So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.
Quee. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wisedome hatcht:
Hath Wisedomes warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.
Rosa. The blood of youth burnes not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.
Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As foolrie in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Quee. Heere comes *Boyet*, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am stable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?
Quee. Thy newes *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Maddame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace Loue doth approch, disguysd:
Armed in argumentes, you'll be surprisd.
Muster your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.
Quee. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.
Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde addrest,
The King and his companions warely,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguysd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knauish Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maiesticall would put him out:

For

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou se
Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.
The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill:
I should haue feard her had shee been a deui
With that all laught, and clapt him on the
Making the bolde wagg by their prayses b
One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and s
A better speach was neuer spoke before.
Another with his fynger and his thume,
Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil con
The third he caperd and cryed, All goes
The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe h
With that they all did tumble on the grou
With such a zelous laughter so profund,
That in this spleene rediculous appeares,
To checke their follie pashions solembe te
Quee. But what, but what, come they to
Boy. They do, they do; and are apparile
Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and da
And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his seuerall Mistres: which they'le k
By Fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.
Quee. And will they so? the Gallants sha
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Holde *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt wea
And then the King will court thee for his D
Holde take thou this my sweete, and giue m
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change you Fauours two, so shall your
Woo contrarie, deceyued by these remoues
Rosa. Come on then, weare the Fauours
Kath. But in this changing, What is you
Quee. The effect of my intent is to crosse
They do it but in mockerie merement,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.1.14)